

THE LOST HEIRESS.

A Tale of Love, Battle and Adventure.

—BY—

EARNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "Among Cape Kafirs," "The Foolkiller," Etc., and Edward Rapier.

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from the men. Dick took off his hat and

approached the colonel with a request.

"Yes," said the colonel in reply, "you can go back, but keep a sharp lookout, for Zulus always follow our track."

"Now, skin-jacket, you see why I left that trail," said Dick as he rode by.

"Good blazer boy, I'll go back with you."

They rode away briskly, with the cheers of their comrades to encourage them, but they had not gone far when, to the annoyance of Rowe, Capt. Dalston overtook them.

"If I think my presence is necessary," he said briefly, "to keep my friend Capt. Blaine from further injury if he is still alive."

"What is the cause driving at?" muttered Rowe.

The three rode on in silence, the Basuto leading and picking up the trail easily by little balls of chewed cane which he had ejected from his mouth.

"Must first go to last night's sleep place," he said, in reply to Dalston.

As the troop had only traversed the country at a walk, and as the three horsemen went back on the trail at a gallop, they soon reached the scene of the bivouac.

Rowe and the Basuto dismounted and cast round like pointers in search of partridge. Soon Rowe discovered signs where the long grass had been pressed down by a heavy body, and he called to

Dick, with his nostrils wide open, seemed to scent the trail, and after a few yards he pointed to a splash of blood on a blade of grass.

In a few moments he pointed to the thick scrub among the rocks and gave an explanation of surprise.

Somebody had lain there; there were stains of blood about; but now there was nothing.

Rowe looked at the Basuto inquiringly. But Capt. Dalston said impatiently—

"If you know Capt. Blaine was there? He may have gone off on his horse."

"No go," said Dick, decisively, "he was knocked down, but here. See!" He picked up a small object, which he examined, and then passed it to Capt. Dalston.

"What is that?"

"Zulu snuff box. No good look more, miss' go back camp," Dick mounted his horse.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, only captain has been taken by Zulus. Dead just now, sure—not gone to Cetywayo."

CHAPTER XIII.—CAPTURED.

When the column, with the colonel leading and left the night's camping ground—it lay by a maize garden—with the inevitable huts and cattle kraal adjoining. Owing to the circumstances under which the departure was made the huts had escaped observation.

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fore, and while sent a queer sensation

down his backbone, even to the tip of

his drooping tail. Once more he drew

backwards, with a pucker between the

eyes that told of a puzzled brain.

He started to go to his master, but when

he saw down he looked over his shoulder

and saw the white face above the

rocks. So the thing was watching him.

It was too much. He would go back

again and bite the creature! Accordingly

he cautiously retraced his steps.

Blaine, all this time, had been slowly

regaining his scattered wits. The blow

on his head had fallen within a hair's

breadth of his temple, and must have

been struck with the butt-end of a heavy

revolver, from the circular bruise it left.

After the total blank of insensibility,

there had been a buzzing in his brain,

increasing in intensity and volume to the

loud roaring of the waves. With a will

feeling that his head would burst he had

opened his eyes, only to meet the startled

glare of the dog's mouth.

At the second visit he had a glimmering

of reason, and when he lifted his

body to look around, and saw below him

a Zulu warrior where he had left his

comrades, he understood enough to

know that he was in peril of his life.

When he heard the dog steadily creep-

ing through the brush for the third time

the preparation gathered on his forehead,

and his eyes were contracted in the

effort upon his nerves to keep absolutely

still.

This time the dog came nearer, but was

evidently more frightened than before,

by the intensity of the gaze fixed upon

him. His legs trembled under him, and

the hair of his back bristled up and down.

In a constant effort to escape the

with all sorts of orders of distinction. During

one of my visits to Paris the contents of a splendid

palace I managed to procure a diamond necklace

of great value. I bought it at a public sale, and

the gold, silver and porcelain table service

was sufficient for sixty guests. Every article was

suicides have been numerous in every age.

These evidently conclude the answer to our

question is a negative. Most people have hours

of empty or unoccupied hours, when, for some

hours at least, life is a hopeless load. But

has millions of followers who believe that the

best thing possible is Nirvana, or practical

annihilation. Mrs. Browning thought the best

thing she could do for her beloved was to give

him a sword, which she gave him in her own

hand. The life of a Chinese coolie, a Japanese

fisherman, a peasant life in Arthur's

England or a slave's life in America, is a

life of suffering and pain, a life of a

life of a person not balanced enough to

earn a living without ceasing to be the lowest

kind from the standpoint of the world, only,

one would say that of these lives are worth

living. Yet we often get proofs that these lives

are worth living. Some poor old,

half-starved, bedridden woman may yet have

some sweet, devoted Christian disciples, and

hope that she is happier than a saint can

be in the saintly body or with the most

abundant wealth. Each back is fitted for its

own burden.

Perhaps no man tells it life is worth living for

any other than himself. No person knows

another's life thoroughly enough to give him

sufficient data for a conclusion.

My own life has been worth living to me. I

have known poverty, but the days when I was

poor were a spur to my wit to devise ways

to conquer poverty, and the poverty itself

made those days worth living. I have made

several fortunes. Somebody said it they

had all knowledge in their hands, they would

let it go that they might have the pleasure of

possessing it again. I did not purpose to let

fortunes go for the pleasure of possessing them

but I never lost any sleep when they did go, and

was intensely enjoyed the struggles I have been

into again and again. I have seen a

severe sickness and I have known the pangs of

the loss of loved ones, but I have not seen the

time when life was not worth living, and no

last days here are my brightest and best.

My prescriptions to keep life worth living are

these: Keep up good cheer. I spent three years—

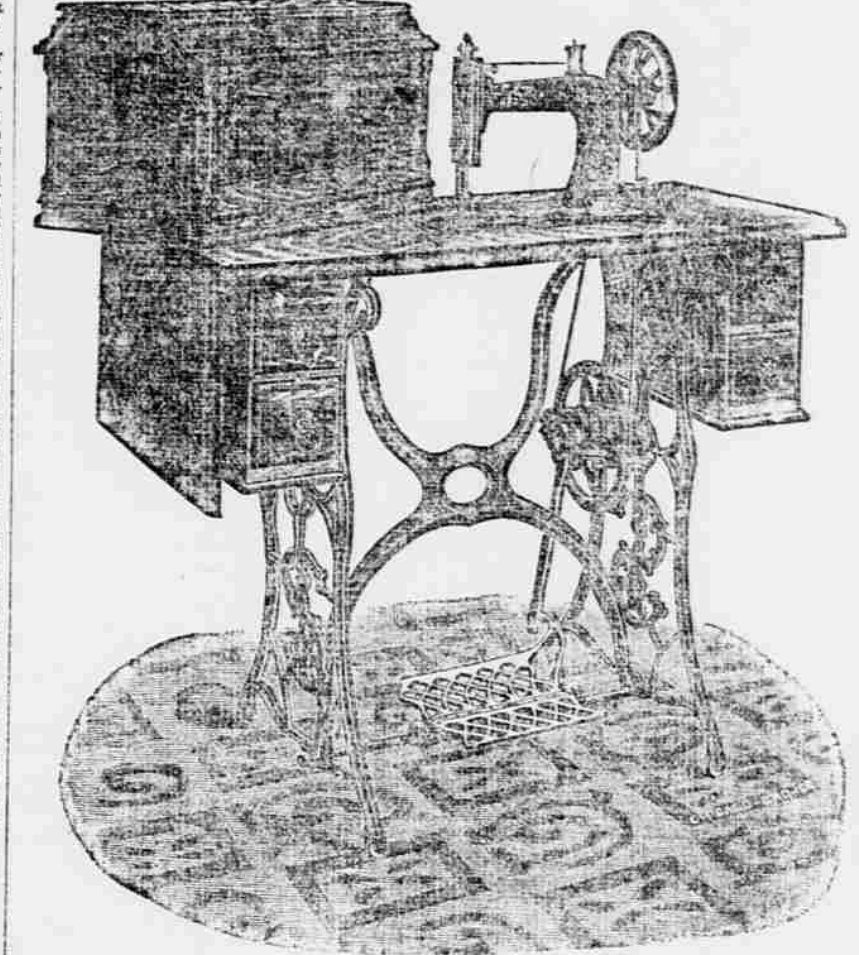
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Fort Worth, Tex., March 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, F. E. FATHEREE.

WHAT MR. MARTIN THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., April 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, J. D. MARTIN.

WHAT MR. HIBBES THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., May 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, H. H. HIBBES.

WHAT MRS. SULLIVAN THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., June 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, MRS. C. J. SULLIVAN.

WHAT MR. MANGUM THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., July 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, H. W. MANGUM.

WHAT MR. WOOTEN THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., Aug. 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, H. W. WOOTEN.

WHAT MR. MARABLE THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., Sept. 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, H. W. MARABLE.

WHAT MR. MCILLAN THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., Oct. 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, H. W. MCILLAN.

WHAT DR. RILEY THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., Nov. 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, H. W. RILEY.

WHAT MR. HARRIS THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., Dec. 1, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, H. W. HARRIS.

WHAT MRS. MOORE THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., Jan. 1, 1891.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, MRS. J. M. MOORE.

WHAT MR. AND MRS. BOXSON THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 1, 1891.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, MR. AND MRS. J. M. BOXSON.

WHAT MRS. ROACH THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., March 1, 1891.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, MRS. J. M. ROACH.

WHAT MR. JOYNER THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., April 1, 1891.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your High-Arm Singer Sewing Machine for some time, and I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Yours respectfully, H. W. JOYNER.

WHAT MRS. JOYNER THINKS.

Fort Worth, Tex., May 1, 1891.

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